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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## June Roses.

O roses rare, that year by year  
Unfold your buds of tender hue,  
You know not that you bring me near  
To all my heart holds true.

Long ago a lady fair,  
Gentle, sweet and unassuming,  
Star among the maidens rare,  
Set my soul to watch your blooming.

Spiders, weave your wizard spells ;  
Spirit odors, faint and fail ;  
Lilies, swing your silver bells ;  
Sing your sweetest, nightingale.

Moon and stars, O swifter move,  
While I watch my roses growing,  
Nearer, nearer bring my love  
With your coming and your going.

O my white rose, so dear—so dear !  
For whom my pulses come and go,  
Close in my heart from year to year  
Forever bud and blow !

June 5th, 1867.

## Music in Vienna in the Year 1793.

Translated from Thayer's Life of Beethoven.

(Concluded from page 42).

The music performed in private concerts embraced all kinds, from the Oratorio, the Opera, the Symphony, to piano-forte variations and the simple song. Such concerts during Beethoven's second winter in Vienna (if not, as some relate, during his first) were arranged by prince Lobkowitz, Lichnowsky, Lichtenstein, Esterhazy, Schwarzenberg, Auersperg, Kinsky, Trautmannsdorf and Sinsendorf; by Counts Appony, Browne, Ballassa, Franz and Johann Esterhazy, Czernin, Hoyos, Erdödy, Fries, Strassaldo and Zichy; by the Countesses Hatzfeld and Thun; the barons Lang, Partenstein, van Swieten and von Kees; the Hofraths Meyer, Greiner, Paradies; by Fräulein Martinez, the banker Henikstein and others. Those among the best musicians and composers, too, whose circumstances allowed it, gave private concerts, in which they made themselves and their works known, and to which their colleagues were invited. O'Kelly, the Irish singer, who was the first Basilio in the "Mariage de Figaro," met Mozart for the first time in an assembly of this kind at Kozeluch's, where the then favorite composers Vanhall and Dittersdorf were also present.

Franz Joseph Max, prince Lobkowitz, was, at the time when Beethoven came to Vienna, a young man (born Dec. 7, 1772), and had just married a daughter of prince Schwarzenberg. He was a violin-player of considerable facility and such a devoted lover of music and the drama, that he squandered his whole income on them and in 20 years became completely bankrupt. Being just of Beethoven's supposed age he entered into extraordinarily intimate relations with

him; occasionally they had disputes and differences with one another, as if born of equal rank.

The reigning prince Esterhazy was that Paul Anton, who after the death of his father (Feb. 25, 1790) broke up the musical establishment at Esterhazy and dismissed Joseph Haydn after 20 years of service. He died on the 22nd of January, 1794, and was succeeded by his son Nicolas, a young man, just five years older than Beethoven. Prince Nicolas inherited his grandfather's taste for music, engaged an orchestra again, and was soon known as one of the most zealous furtherers of Catholic Church music. The best composers of Vienna, Beethoven included, wrote Masses for the Chapel at Esterhazy, where they were performed with great splendor.

Count Johann Nepomuk Esterhazy, "of the middle line at Frakno," was a man of 45 years; he played the oboe well, and, what redounds to his honor, he had been a true friend and protector of Mozart.

Of Count Franz Esterhazy, a man of 35 years, Schönfeld in his "Annals of Music" says: "This great friend of music gives in certain parts of the year very great and splendid Academies, in which for the most part great and sublime works are performed, especially the Handel choruses, the *Sanctus* of Emanuel Bach, the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolese, and the like. These occasions always bring together a select company of the best virtuosos."

It was not the then reigning prince Joseph Kinsky (who died 1798, in his 48th year), who at a later period became a distinguished patron of Beethoven, but his son Ferdinand Joh. Nep., then a blooming boy of 11 years (born Dec. 4, 1781), upon whose youthful taste the power, beauty and novelty of the works of that master made a deep impression.

Prince Carl Lichnowsky, the scholar and friend of Mozart, had every Friday morning a Quartet performance in his house. Schuppanzigh, son of a professor at the Royal School and then a young man of 16 years (if the musical lexicons are to be trusted), played the first violin; Louis Sina, a pupil of Förster and also still a very young man, the second; Franz Weiss, (who on the 18th January 1793 completed his 15th year), the viola; and Anton Kraft, or his son Nicolas, a boy of 14 years (born Dec. 18, 1778), the violoncello. It was in fact a Quartet of boy virtuosos, of which Beethoven, who was some years older, could make what he pleased. The wife of the prince was Marie Christine (28 years old), one of the "three Graces," as George Forster calls the daughters of that Countess Thun, in whose house Mozart found such high appreciation and warm friendship, and whose noble qualities are so much praised by Burney, Reichardt and Forster. The princess, as well as her husband, belonged to the best dilettanti in piano playing.

Hofrat von Kees, vice president of the Court

of Appeal of Lower Austria, was still alive. "He," says Gyrowetz, speaking of a somewhat earlier period, "was considered the first friend of music and first dilettante in Vienna, and gave social concerts twice a week in his house, where the first virtuosos who then chanced to be in Vienna, and the first composers, like Joseph Haydn, Mozart, Dittersdorf, Hoffmeister, Albrechtsberger, Giarnovichi, &c., were assembled; there Haydn's Symphonies were performed." In Haydn's letters to Madame Genzinger (*Haydn in London*, by Karajan), von Kees's name frequently occurs, the last time in a note of Aug. 4, 1792, in which the writer mentions that on that day he was to dine at the Hofrath's. This distinguished man left behind him at his death (in January, 1795) a very rich collection of music, consisting, according to the auction advertisement, "of Symphonies, Concertos, Arias, Choruses, Church pieces, and whole Operas, which had been collected with great pains from various owners or sought out for him by masters, and part of which were only to be found in his possession." The list of authors numbers in all 138 names, among which scarcely one of the important instrumental composers down to that time is wanting.

Gottfried, Baron van Swieten, son of the famous Dutch physician of Maria Theresa, "is to be regarded," says Schönfeld, "as a patriarch in music. His taste is purely for the grand and sublime. He has himself, many years ago, written 12 fine Symphonies, ["as stiff as himself," said Joseph Haydn]. When he is present at an Academy, our half-connoisseurs never lose sight of him, trying to read from his looks (not intelligible enough perhaps to everybody) what sort of an opinion they should pass on what they have been hearing. He gives every year some very grand and splendid musical occasions, where only pieces by old masters are performed. He is especially fond of Handel's style, of whom he for the most part gives great choruses. At the last Christmas festival (1794) he gave such an Academy at prince von Paar's, where an Oratorio by this master was performed." Neukomm told Professor Jahn (*Life of Mozart*, III. 370), that in concerts, the moment that any whispering began, his Excellence, who used to sit in the front rows, stood up full length, turned with solemn dignity to the delinquent, measured him a long while with severe look and slowly sat himself down again. That always had the desired effect. Van Swieten had some peculiar ideas of composition: he had, for instance, a partiality for the imitation of the sounds of nature in music, and compelled Haydn to imitate the frogs in his *Seasons*. Haydn himself confirms it, when he says: "This whole passage, regarded as an imitation of a frog, did not flow from my pen; I was forced to write down this French rubbish. With the whole orchestra this wretched thought soon disappears indeed, but as a piano-forte arrangement it cannot stand. I trust the reviewers will not deal too severely with it; I am an old man and cannot look that all through again." But at any

rate van Swieten must have the glory of founding in Vienna the taste for Handel's Oratorios and Bach's organ and piano music, and thereby adding a new element to the music of that capital. The expenses which such oratorio performances involved, however, were not, as Schönfeld seems to intimate, disputed by him, but by a society, which had been called into life through him and of which he was permanent secretary. Among its members were princes Lichtenstein, Esterhazy, Schwarzenberg, Auersperg, Kinsky, Trautmannsdorf, Sinsendorf, Counts Czernin, Harrach, Erdödy and Fries; in their palaces as well as in van Swieten's house (next to the hotel zum Römischen Kaiser, then called "zu den drei Hacken," in the Renngasse), and sometimes in the great halls of the Imperial Library, the performances took place at midday before an audience of invited guests.

Fraulein Martinez, who occupies so prominent a place in Burney's description of his visit in Vienna, a pupil of Porpora, in whose music lessons, forty years before, the young Joseph Haydn was employed as accompanist, was still living in the Michaels-hause and gave musical parties every Saturday evening during the season.

"Herr Hofrat und Kammerzahlmeister von Meyer," says Schönfeld, is so distinguished an amateur of music, that everybody about him in the chancery is musical, and among the artists may be found even a Raphael and a Hausschka. It can easily be conceived therefore, that a great deal of music is made both here in the city and at his place in the country. His Imperial Majesty himself has been present at such entertainments."

These sketches will suffice to illustrate and confirm the remarks which have been made above about Vienna as the central point of instrumental music. We must now name some of the more important among the great number of composers in this branch of the art, whom Beethoven found there.

Of course HAYDN stood at the head. The next in rank, but at a wide remove, was Mozart's successor in the office of an Imperial chamber composer, LEOPOLD KOZELUCH, a Bohemian, then just 40 years old. Although now forgotten, and, as Beethoven expressed it, "*miserabilis*," he was at that time famous in Europe through his Quartets and his chamber music. How great his fame in England was, we shall see below.

A man of less celebrity with the multitude, but of solid talent, whose knowledge far exceeded that of Kozeluch, whom Beethoven prized in a high degree, calling him twenty years afterward his old teacher, was EMANUEL ALOYS FOERSTER, a Silesian, then 45 years old. His Quintets, Quartets and similar works were highly valued, but at that time known for the most part only in manuscript.

ANTON EBERL, five years older than Beethoven, a Viennese by birth, had in his sixteenth year composed two Operettas, which had been performed in the Kärntherthor Theatre, and one of which had won for the composer the applause of Gluck. He appears to have been a favorite of Mozart, and strove so hard to write in the style and spirit of this master that some of his works were printed by dishonorable publishers under Mozart's name and circulated through Europe. In 1796 he accompanied Mozart's widow and her sister, Madame Lange, on their jour-

ney through Europe, and won for himself in other cities the renown as a pianist and composer which he possessed in Vienna; His strength was instrumental composition, and we shall presently behold him, for a moment, as a Symphonist snatching the palm away from Beethoven!

JOHN VANHALL, whose name was so well known in Paris and London, that Burney 20 years before this sought him out in his attic chamber in a suburb of Vienna, was as inexhaustible as ever in production. Gerber in his older Lexicon (1792) says, that Breitkopf and Härtel at that time possessed 50 of his Symphonies in manuscript. His fecundity was like that of Haydn; his talent of such a kind that—all his works are now forgotten.

It would be useless to continue the list further. But one more fact, significant as to the musical taste and culture of the higher classes in the capital, may be added. During the winter 1792-3 there were 10 private theatres of amateur companies in operation there, of which the most important were in the houses of Edlen von Stockhammer, Kinsky, Sinsendorf, Strassaldo, and the bookseller Schraml. Most of these companies produced Operas and Operettas.

#### Translations from Schumann.

(By M. E. von G. for the London Musical World.)

#### MEYERBEER AND MENDELSSOHN.

To-day I feel like a bold young warrior drawing his sword for the first time in a real quarrel! It seems as if this little Leipsc, where already some few great questions have already been discussed, were to be the umpire in music also, for it came to pass that the two most important compositions of our day have been performed here, probably for the first time in the world together—namely, Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* and Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. On such a subject where can one begin or end? Of competition between them, or preference of the one to the other, there can be no question. Our readers know too well the tendency of these pages, and that when we speak of Mendelssohn we have no thought for Meyerbeer, so diametrically opposed are the paths of the two. They know also that to characterize the two it is only necessary to attribute to the one that which is wanting in the other—talent alone excepted, which they possess in common. It is enough to make one think there must be something wrong in one's upper story to see the success of Meyerbeer in our sound, musical Germany, and to hear people, otherwise estimable enough, and even musicians, who can take delight in the quiet triumphs of Mendelssohn and yet can say of this music—"There is something in it."

It was with my mind full of the lofty art of Schröder Devrient in *Fidelio* that I saw the *Huguenots* for the first time. Who so dull as not to rejoice in a new thing, and to know the pleasures of hope? Had not Ries written with his own hand that there was much in the *Huguenots* which might rank with Beethoven? And what said others? And what said I? Well, I fully agreed with Florestan when he clenched his fist at the stage, and let fall the words that "in the *Crociata* to Meyerbeer might be reckoned a musician, in *Robert the Devil* he had begun to stagger, but that since the *Huguenots* he has become a mere mountebank." It's impossible to express the disgust with which we were filled by the whole thing, though we always tried to overcome it—we were quite worn and wearied with the worry. And, although after hearing it oftener, many happier and more excusable things discovered themselves, yet my final judgment remains the same; and I must continue to say to those who venture to place the *Huguenots* by the side of *Fidelio* or the like music, even though far below it, that they know nothing of the matter, nothing,

nothing! I should never think of attempting to convert them. That would be out of the question.

A witty writer has said that music is equally in its place in a church or a gambling house. Now, I am no Puritan, but is there any good Protestant who would not be shocked hearing his most precious hymn shouted out on the stage, or at seeing the bloodiest tragedy in the history of his faith degraded to a mountebank farce for the mere sake of getting cash and applause? In fact, the whole opera is revolting, from the overture with its ridiculous, common-place, mock sanctity, to the finale, after which we ought all to be burned alive on the spot! After the *Huguenots*, nothing is left but to have executions of criminals, and exhibitions of loose women on the stage.

We have only to go through it all to see its drift. The first act is an orgy of dissolute men with (mark the charming taste!) one, and only one, woman, but veiled amongst them. The second act is another revel, but this time women bathing, and (for the sake of the Parisians) a man blindfold in the middle of them. The third act is a farrago of profligacy and religion: in the fourth the massacre is arranged, and in the fifth it takes place in a church. Debauchery, murder, and praying make up the whole of the *Huguenots*. It is vain to look for one permanently pure idea, or one true Christian emotion. Meyerbeer nails up the hearts of his characters for all the world to see, and says—"Look, there they are, pray come and handle them!" Throughout, all is artifice, outside show and hypocrisy.

And the heroes and heroines of the piece!—cell and St. Bris alone excepted, who are not sunk quite so low as the rest—what are they? First, there is Nevers, a thorough French libertine,\* who makes love to Valentine, then jilts her, and at last marries her; then Valentine herself, in love with Raoul and marrying Nevers, swearing† to be true to the latter, and yet allowing herself to be betrothed to Raoul; next, Raoul, in love with Valentine, rejecting her, and making love to the Queen, and after all taking Valentine to wife; and lastly, the Queen herself, Queen of all these puppets! And people put up with all this just because it's pretty to look at and comes from Paris—though, surely, our modest German women won't look at it! And all the while the most knowing of composers rubs his hands for joy.

To describe the music itself no amount of books would be enough; every bar is overdone, and something might be said about each. To startle or tickle his hearers is Meyerbeer's highest aim, and with the mob he succeeds perfectly. As to the *choral*, which is interwoven into the opera, and about which the French are so mad, I declare that, if one of my pupils had brought me such counterpoint, I would have entreated him with all my might never to do it worse. Even the common-people are saying how deliberately stale, and studiously superficial it is, and how Marcel's continual roaring "Eine feste Burg," smells of the blacksmith's shop.

A great deal has been said about the "Benediction des poignards" in the fourth act. I grant that it has much dramatic power, some striking and spirited changes, and the chorus especially produces a great external effect; situation, scenery, and instrumentation all conspire, and, the horrible being Meyerbeer's element, he has written with real fire and love of his subject. But examine the melody from a musical point of view, and what is it but the "Marseillaise" a little dressed up? Again, what art is there in making an effect in such a situation with such means? I am not blaming the employment of all means in their proper places; but it is absurd to talk about a "grand effect" when a dozen trombones, trum-

\* See the concluding lines of the opera:—

Par le feu et l'incendie  
Exterminons la race impie!  
Frappons, poursuivons l'hérétique!  
Dieu le vent, Dieu veut le sang,  
Oui! Dieu veut le sang!

† Words such as "Je ris du Dieu de l'univers" are mere trifles in the libretto.

‡ D'aujourd'hui tout mon sang est à vous, etc.

pets and ophicleids, and a hundred men's voices in unison are all doing their loudest close by. I must mention one truly Meyerbeerish piece of calculation. He knows the public too well not to be aware that too much noise at last becomes tiresome, and see how cleverly he counteracts it. Directly after every great crash he has whole arias accompanied by a single instrument, as much as to say—"See how much I can do with a little. Look, you Germans, look!" Unfortunate we cannot deny that he has some wit.

But we should never have time to go through it all in detail. Meyerbeer's very sensuous tendency, his extreme *unoriginality* and want of style, are as well known as his ability in dexterous arrangement, brilliant display in dramatic treatment and command of the orchestra, and great fertility in form. It is not difficult to point out in him Rossini, Mozart, Herold, Weber, Bellini, even Spohr,—in short every possible music. But his special property is that notorious, fatal, bleating, offensive rhythm, which runs through almost all the airs in this opera; I had begun to mark the pages where it occurred, but at last grew tired. However, that the piece contains better things and even occasional grand and lofty passages it would be mere spite to deny; Marcell's battle-song is effective, and the page's air is lovely; the greater part of the third act is interesting from its lively scenes among the people, so is the first part of the duet between Marcell and Valentine from its strong character, also the sextet, and the mocking chorus from its comic treatment: in the fourth act the "Benediction des poignards" has great individuality, and above all, the duet which follows it between Raoul and Valentine is admirably constructed, and abounds with ideas. But what do all these avail against the vulgarity, exaggeration, want of nature, immodesty, and *un-music* of the whole? Thank God, we have at last reached the limit, there can be nothing worse behind, unless the stage is turned into a gallows: and this terrible cry of a great talent tormented by the spirit of the time, awakes a hope that things will now mend.

## II.

And now a few words on something nobler—a thing to bring a man into tune again with faith, and hope, and love of his kind—under the shadow of which, the weary soul may rest as under a palm-grove, and see the glowing landscape spread at his feet; I mean the St. Paul of Mendelssohn, a work of the greatest purity, the offspring of peace and love. It would be a mistake, besides being unfair to the composer, to compare it, even remotely, to the oratorios of Handel or Bach. They are alike just as much as all kinds of sacred music, all churches, all pictures of the Madonna are alike; but Bach and Handel had reached maturity when they began to write, whereas Mendelssohn was still a mere youth. The work of a young artist whose imagination is overflowing with graceful images, and to whom life and the future are still full of charm, cannot fairly be compared with a work of an earlier and severer period, by one of those divine masters who, from their seats among the stars, looked back over a long and hallowed life.

I have already spoken at length of the general treatment of the subject, of the adoption of the choral from the old oratorios, of the distribution of the choruses and solos among the actors and spectators, and of the characters of the several personages. It has been rightly remarked that the chief drawbacks to the general effect of the work are to be found in the first half; that the subordinate part of St. Stephen, if not absolutely throwing St. Paul into the background, diminishes his importance; that Saul is presented more in the character of a convert than of a convert; also that the oratorio is too long and might with advantage be divided into two. A most inviting subject for the critics is the poetical manner in which the appearances of our Lord are treated (by a chorus of trebles and altos); but surely such speculations only spoil the idea, while it would be impossible to wound the composer's feelings more easily than in this, one of his most beautiful inspirations. To my mind nothing can

be more appropriate than to represent God as speaking with many voices, and revealing His will through a choir of angels; just as in painting, His presence is indicated more poetically by cherubs hovering in the upper part of the picture than by the representation of an old man, or by the so-called sign of the Trinity, &c. Where the reality is unattainable, it is surely allowable to use the most beautiful symbol within reach. It has also been objected that some of the chorales in *St. Paul* lose their simple character by the ornaments with which Mendelssohn has adorned them. As if chorales were not just as well adapted to express joy and confidence as earnest supplication! as if there were not every difference between such a *choral* as "Sleepers, wake," and such another as "In deep distress;" or as if a work of art had no purpose to fulfil beyond those of a parish choir! Then, again, people wanted to make out that *St. Paul* was not even a "Protestant Oratorio," but only a "Concert Oratorio," which suggested to some wag the happy middle course of calling it a "Protestant-concert-Oratorio."

It is always possible to make objections, and even plausible ones, and the industry of the critics deserves every respect. But granting all that can be said, how much there is in the oratorio with which the most captious can find no fault! Besides its ruling spirit, the deeply religious feeling which pervades it, consider the masterly way in which, from a musical point of view, every situation is brought out, the uninterrupted flow of noble melody, the intimate connection of words and sounds, speech and music, so that the whole thing seems actually embodied before you; think of the grace which it breathes throughout, the admirable grouping of the characters, the endless variety of color in the instrumentation; realize its perfectly mature style and playful mastery over all forms of composition, and then say if there is any cause to be discontented.

I have only one thing to add. The music of *St. Paul* is, on an average, so easy to understand, so popular and so effective, that it almost seems as if the main idea of its composer throughout had been to interest the public. Now, noble as this aim undoubtedly is, it may, if indulged in, rob his future compositions of that power and inspiration which is found in the works of those who, regardless of either aim or limits, gave themselves up singly to their great subject. Lastly, it must not be forgotten that Beethoven wrote a *Mount of Olives* as well as a *Missa Solemnis*; and bearing this in mind, we may well believe that as Mendelssohn the youth has written a fine oratorio, Mendelssohn the man will write another that shall be still nobler.\* Till then let us be content with what we have, and profit from it, and enjoy it.

\* A prophecy since fulfilled in the *Elijah*.

## Fifty-Second Annual Meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society. Boston, May 27, 1867.

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT, J. BAXTER

UPHAM, M.D.

Gentlemen, Members of the Handel and Haydn Society:

By the recent revision of the By-laws, it is now made the duty of the President of this society to present, at its annual meeting, a written report, giving an abstract of the doings of the society for the year, and offering any suggestions and recommendations which the occasion may seem to demand. In compliance with the letter and spirit of this requirement, I beg leave to submit the following:—

There have been nine regular meetings of the Government during the year, to attend to business, and to consult in various ways for the interests of the corporation. The society has been five times called together for the admission of members and the transaction of other business. At all these meetings a gratifying degree of unanimity and good feeling has prevailed. Thirty-one gentlemen have been admitted to membership during the year, eight have been discharged, and four resigned.

The rehearsals—thirty-two in number—were commenced in Bumstead Hall on the 30th day of Sep-

tember, and have continued weekly without interruption, and with the addition of the usual extra meetings for practice prior to a public performance, until Easter. These rehearsals have been, on the whole, more punctually and more fully attended than at any previous season within my recollection,—a certain and sure augury of good for the future.

Six public performances in the Music Hall have taken place, of which the following was the programme for the season, viz.:

- Nov. 25.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*.
- Dec. 23.—Handel's *Messiah*.
- Feb. 17.—Handel's *Jephtha*.
- Feb. 24.—Haydn's *Creation*,
- April 20.—{ Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and
- { Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*.

April 21.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

These great works have been presented after much and careful preparation, with a liberal expenditure of means, under an experienced and accomplished conductor, in a manner worthy of the highest praise, and which I do not hesitate to say would reflect honor upon any city in the world. They have been participated in by a chorus numbering now nearly five hundred efficient voices, an orchestra of fifty instruments, and with the accompaniment of an organ in the very first rank of excellence, under a master's hand. Among the solo artists, in addition to those resident with us, and whom we at all times honor and respect, a Parepa and a Phillips have delighted to lend their aid. The audiences have been commensurate with the occasions; they have been drawn, not alone from our own appreciative community, but largely also from distant towns and cities; and I am happy to add, as you have learned from your Treasurer's report, that, for once, the season has resulted in a satisfactory pecuniary success.

In the list of oratorios above given, it will be seen that an addition has been made to our yet too limited repertoire. The *Jephtha* of Handel was performed by us, in the season now just passed, for the first time. It is to be hoped that in future our musical horizon will be extended, till all of the acknowledged master-works of Handel at least shall be comprised within its scope; and I think the time is not far distant when we may venture beyond, upon some of the great choral achievements of Sebastian Bach.

The library, as appears by the report of our excellent Librarian, is in good condition, and notwithstanding some mysterious losses, which are greatly to be deplored, is still in the way of growth and improvement. \* \* \* \* \*

It may be proper to speak, in this connection, of a proposition which has more than once been mooted in the meetings of the government, and which I earnestly hope may soon be carried into effect. It is the preparation of the annals of the society for publication. Such a history would, I doubt not, be a most acceptable possession to all the present and past members of our venerable association, and would not be without interest to others who have at heart the welfare of the cause we are endeavoring to support and to advance. The time for such a work, if it is ever to be accomplished, ought not to be much longer delayed. Our earliest associates are rapidly passing away. All the original members are now dead. In a brief while, it will be impossible to find among the living any in whose memory lingers a picture of the early trials and struggles through which our now sturdy and vigorous manhood has been attained. I would recommend this subject, therefore, to the serious consideration of the future board.

Suffer from me now a few words of comment, bearing upon the present condition and future prospects of the society. It has been my custom in these reports both to praise and commend where commendation was just, and freely to point out any faults and defects that seemed to exist, with a view, if possible, to suggest their remedy. Such criticisms and comments have always been received in the same spirit of kindness and good-will with which they have been offered.

One of the crying evils upon which I have many times animadverted, is that of *absenteeism at rehearsals*. In this, as I have said, I have observed the past season a manifest change for the better. Still the fault exists, and is now as ever (I say it unhesitatingly) the chief obstacle in the way of our rapid advance towards more perfect interpretation of the great works we have, for so many years, been endeavoring to understand and to appreciate.

I am aware of the difficulties which, in an association like ours, stands in the way of an absolute attendance, on the part of every member, upon the meetings required, during the seven or eight months of the year, for practice and rehearsal, nor are such delinquencies confined, by any means, to our body. They are recognized and felt in every association of the kind where the members voluntarily band them-

selves together for a kindred object. And, as a consequence, the most rigid rules have often been adopted, to anticipate and to obviate, if possible, the difficulty. The London Sacred Harmonic Society, for this reason, found it expedient to have printed and sent to every member a circular, from which I quote the following:—

"It is quite obvious" (say the Committee) "that the efficiency of the public performances must, in a great degree, depend upon the attention previously bestowed at the rehearsals; and that the reputation of the society and its claims for public support are liable to be materially affected by the neglect of those means which rehearsals alone afford, for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the music which is there practised, and a facility in executing it with becoming accuracy and expression. However much reason there may be for congratulation upon the general character of the society's performances, and for considering them at least equal to any others of the same kind in this country, it cannot be denied that there is still room for further improvement, and that occasions do happen in which many of the peculiar features of a composition are not properly developed, through want of that regular and combined attention at rehearsals, which is absolutely essential to a correct and effective performance. The Committee feel it their imperative duty, not only to urge the importance of this subject upon the notice of the members and assistants, but to endeavor, also, to check the inconveniences which have resulted from a neglect of it." And the Committee, in commenting upon this appeal, say further, that "inasmuch as punctual attendance at rehearsals can alone secure efficiency of performance, they feel that they would not be acting up to their duty to the society, if they should hesitate to dispense with the assistance of any members who did not comply with such reasonable and essential requirements." And they subsequently went so far as to require their candidates for admission to pledge themselves beforehand to the conscientious observance of these obligations; this in a society similarly constituted with our own, but by some twenty years our junior,—a society, too, whose meetings for practice were, at that time, held on some evening in every week throughout the year.

I have hitherto felt an embarrassment in urging this subject upon the attention of members at our meetings, arising from the fact that those who most needed such admonition were the ones most likely to be then absent; and the same remark will apply at the present time. It might be well, therefore, if we were to imitate the example of our London associate in this respect, and send a similar appeal to every individual member of our society. Did we but insist with equal pertinacity upon such constant and punctual attendance at our evenings for practice, who knows to what a summit of excellence it might be possible for us to attain?

I have heretofore alluded to the disposition manifested on the part of some members to leave their places in the choir, at a public performance, before the end of the oratorio; and I am glad to be able to record a marked improvement in this respect, for the season just closed. I wish I could say as much for those on whom has devolved the duty of rendering the more prominent roles in our oratorios. Such indecorous haste in leaving the platform, as is sometimes seen on their part, ill comports with the dignity and sincerity of a true artist. Aside from the bad example it sets to the house, it cannot be looked upon with indifference by either the orchestra or chorus. It is to be hoped that, hereafter, in their engagements with artists of whatever standing or renown, the government will stipulate for their presence, at all events, till the close of the performance. Let me heartily commend you for better remembering your part of this duty. Be assured it is known and recognized by that appreciative few in every audience who would not willingly have the closing periods, which a great composer has patiently added to his immortal works, shorn of a single ray of their glory.

One or two more points of minor consideration, perhaps, but which are yet, in my estimation of sufficient importance to be mentioned here, and I have done with this part of my subject.

The number of our active and associate members—of those, I mean, who occasionally, at least, participate in the rehearsals and public performances of the society at the present time—is not far from six hundred. Counting, in addition, the names which are enrolled upon the Secretary's list, but who rarely appear at any of our meetings, the aggregate far exceeds this number. In such large masses, unless the utmost order and system is observed, there must needs be some hurrying and crowding in the formation of the choir at a public performance. Some instances of discomfort have arisen from this source, during

the past season, which have come to my notice. It was, in part, to obviate difficulties of this nature, that, a few years since, the staff of Superintendents, so called, was organized, having charge of the several departments of the chorus. As our numbers increase, the duties of these gentlemen become more important and more arduous. It becomes a question, even now, whether it will not further subserve the comfort and convenience of every member of the chorus, if the plan of numbering the seats of the choir, in both the upper and lower halls, be adopted, so that each member shall henceforth occupy, at all times, at rehearsals and in public performances, his own appropriate place. This is the plan pursued in London, and elsewhere, in associations of similar extent with our own, and serves the double purpose of a more just and orderly disposition of the members in taking their seats, and in some sort registering their presence or absence whenever required.

And while upon the subject of the duties of superintendents, I would again suggest that they acquaint themselves with the name of every one belonging to the department under their especial charge, so as to be able to report the attendance or non-attendance of every member at the meetings of the society. A very little exercise of observation and memory will enable them to do this without difficulty.

I would call the attention of the examining committee to the fact that, in order to the proper balancing of the chorus, there is still room for a considerable increase among the tenors; while, at the same time, the other parts might be rendered more efficient by the judicious addition of a limited number of really good and telling voices.

I cannot forbear a word of commendation, in this place, upon the liberal policy adopted by the government, during the past season, in furnishing, at all our public performances, the fullest and best orchestral force at their command. For their ability to do this, we are largely indebted to the enterprise and liberality of the Harvard Musical Association, in the education of the orchestra, and the encouragement they have given to orchestral performances of the highest order, by their admirable series of symphony concerts, established within the last two years.

And we see good reason to hope, in the thorough musical education which is now being given to the pupils of our public schools, and the further opportunities for musical study and practice, in the conservatories which have lately sprung into being, that, for the future, our elements of growth, both choral and orchestral, will be abundantly increased.

A new edition of the Act of Incorporation and By-Laws of the society, containing the amendments recently adopted, together with such as may be added at the present or a future meeting, will soon be published, and placed in the hands of every member; and it is hoped that a more familiar acquaintance with the rules and regulations of our association, as thus set forth, will have its beneficial results.

It is a matter of congratulation for us, that, this year, the income from our special fund is left intact. An important consideration will be brought to your notice this evening, having reference to the prospective increase of the fund from the society's surplus receipts. I will not discuss this question in advance; but will venture the hope that a way may be found to add to the investment, from time to time, from the moneys not needed for the current operations of the year, with the belief that our example may, sooner or later, be followed by others outside our immediate circle.

In conclusion, I would call your attention to the fact that the coming year will furnish opportunity for the first in the regular series of triennial festivals, which, I believe, is to be the policy and purpose of the society to adopt—and of which the great festival of 1864, in commemoration of the birth of the second half-century of our existence, may, perhaps, with propriety, be considered the auspicious beginning. To that occasion we still look back with pride, as to a new starting-point in our own life, and an acknowledged era in the musical history of our country. I would advise that the main features of the programme should be early marked out and determined upon by the incoming Board, and the preliminary steps be taken in season to insure for it a success, artistically, at any rate, equal, if not superior to that of any former achievement. At the same time, I hope that the ordinary work of the year may not be materially interfered with, and that the regular concert season be not shorn of its goodly proportions, but that all things appertaining thereto be provided for, decently and in order, with unabated zeal and in its proper time.

With these words, gentlemen, again congratulating you upon the auspicious circumstances under which we have met together this evening, thanking you one and all for the part you have taken in the labors of

the year now brought to a close, and with an earnest wish for your continued prosperity and success, I respectfully submit my report.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS. The *Pall Mall Gazette* prefaces its review of the season (to the 1st of June,) with a brief history of the old society, as follows:

The Philharmonic Society is now in its fifty-fifth year—the oldest existing musical institution of the kind in England. Its first concert was held in the late Argyll Rooms, in 1813. The origin of the society was very much like that of the Paris Société des Concerts at the Conservatoire. The best musicians clubbed together for the love of their art, moved principally by a desire to hear the symphonies and overtures of the great masters efficiently performed. It was agreed, in order to avert professional jealousies, that each concert should be conducted by a different professor. Conducting them was not what it is now. The conductor sat at the pianoforte, and occasionally played from the score of the work in hand. The duty of beating time devolved not upon him, but upon the leader, or first violin (*clef d' attaque*, as the French style it), and this was accomplished, of course, with his fiddle-stick. The baton was not then known. Here, then, were at once two absurdities—the fact of having two conductors, which was virtually the case, and the change both of leader and conductor at each successive concert. Nevertheless, the first union in a single body of the most expert orchestral players the country could boast produced so great effect that there was little inclination to pick holes in the general scheme. The concert of Monday, March 8, 1813, was a triumphant success. It began with Cherubini's Overture to *Anacreon*, included a string quartet, a serenade for wind instruments by Mozart, a *chaconne* by Jomelli, a march by Haydn, a string quintet by Boccherini, a vocal quartet by Sacchini, a chorus from Mozart's opera, *Idomeneo*, and symphonies by Beethoven (the first of the "Nine") and Haydn. So long a concert would not be tolerated now; but it put every one in raptures at the time, and the Philharmonic was established from that night. Its history since has often been told. There were eight concerts in the first season (Mr. Salomon—Haydn's Salomon—presided at the first); and, with the exception of a brief period, some few years ago, when the number of concerts were reduced to six, there have been eight annually ever since. There are eight now; and it is to be hoped there may be eight every year, so long as the Philharmonic Society (not long, many think) is destined to endure. It has done a world of good for music, although its influence has been exercised chiefly upon a limited circle of amateurs. But this very limited circle has exercised an influence outside; and so the time has come that the Philharmonic Society is rather a venerated institution than a necessity. It has got rid of its old habits; but, unfortunately, it has not maintained its position as the foremost society in England for the performance of orchestral music.

Spoehr was among the first illustrious foreigners who animadverted upon the strange method of conducting adopted at the Philharmonic. In a letter, dated "London, 1821," he says:—"The manner of conducting at the theatres and concerts here is the most preposterous that can be imagined."—(*Selbst-Biographie*). And he was quite right. Spoehr, however, did much to improve the state of things; as did Weber after Spoehr; and most of all, Mendelssohn after Weber. Experiments were successively tried with Herr Moscheles and the late Sir Henry Bishop, each of whom in turn was appointed conductor of a series of concerts; but neither answered the purpose. The Gordian knot was ultimately severed by Mr. Costa, who accepted the post of Philharmonic conductor in 1846, and held it from that year till 1854—when, for reasons that they have never made public, he resigned it. Mr. Costa was succeeded, in 1855, by Herr Richard Wagner, the Musician of the "Zukunft," the prime favorite of His Majesty of Bavaria, and one of the greatest musical charlatans that ever existed. All Mr. Costa had done for the Philharmonic orchestra was undone by Herr Wagner, who conducted the symphonies of Beethoven without book, and had "readings" of his own which no one else could understand. One season of Wagner was enough; a second would have virtually swamped the Philharmonic, and that distinguished adventurer was not re-engaged. The place was now offered to, and accepted by, Mr. Sterndale Bennett, afterwards Pro-

fessor Sterndale Bennett (Cambridge Professor of Music), and subsequently Dr. Sterndale Bennett. Professor Bennett held the position for eleven years, brought the Philharmonic back to its old state of discipline (which had been sadly disturbed by Herr Wagner), and when deprived of the flower of his orchestra through an imperious edict of Mr. Gye—who just then, having instituted his Monday performances at the Royal Italian Opera, would no longer concede the privilege accorded time out of mind to these classical concerts no matter by what manager or no matter what institution—made a new orchestra for himself, which is at present, it can hardly be denied, a formidable rival to the old one.

Professor Bennett held the baton of the Philharmonic for eleven years—till the end of the season 1866, in short—and then resigned it. Why Mr. W. G. Cusins should have been appointed to fill the place left vacant by so eminent a man it is impossible for any one unininitiated in the arcana of the Philharmonic to guess. Had the question of choice been put to those of the outside world who take an interest in the proceedings of the society, it is more than probable that the name of Mr. Cusins would not have occurred to a single person. Mr. Costa out of the arena, there was the late Mr. Alfred Mellon; there were also Mr. Benedict, Mr. Hallé, Signor Arditi; and last, not least, Mr. Manns, of the Crystal Palace, under whose direction the finest orchestral performances in England, if not in Europe, are to be heard. But the Philharmonic directors selected Mr. Cusins... Unless Mr. Cusins turns out to be another Mendelssohn, or at least another Mellon, as conductor, this step will be likely to hurry, rather than to arrest, the catastrophe which so many believe to be impending. One would have thought that the best chance of averting it lay in the appointment of a first-rate conductor on the retirement of Dr. Bennett. This chance, however, the directors have thrown away.

What we have said is by no means, be it understood, intended in disparagement of Mr. Cusins. He may turn out—who knows?—as good a conductor as any we have named. He is known in the musical world as a thorough musician, accomplished in many ways; and all who wish well to the society will hope that he may prove equal to the responsible task he has undertaken. Five concerts have been given; but it will require as many seasons to show whether Mr. Cusins is absolutely the right man in the right place. He has to go through the principal symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr, and to persuade the subscribers not only that he is well acquainted with them, but that he is able, with one rehearsal (all that the Philharmonic laws provide for), to ensure a sufficient performance of whatever happens to be set down for him by the directors. Up to the present moment the new conductor may be congratulated on a fair success. Symphonies by four of the masters just named have been played, as well as one by Schumann (in D minor), for the most part vigorously enough, but without a shadow of refinement. Among these symphonies was the No. 9 of Beethoven, the Choral Symphony, a more generally satisfactory performance of which has certainly been heard. At the same time it is only just to state that the fifth concert (on Monday week) exhibited a marked improvement. As this was a good average specimen of the entertainment to which for more than half a century the Philharmonic Society has accustomed its subscribers, what remains to be said may as well apply to it as to any of its predecessors. The programme comprised the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven, and the two movements (*Allegro moderato* and *Andante con moto*) from Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor. The symphony of Beethoven was given in a manner less open to criticism than any other work of the kind that has been heard at the Philharmonic Concerts this season; parts, indeed, were admirably played. Still better, in some respects, were the movements from Schubert's symphony—a work which, had it been happily completed in the same strain, would indubitably have ranked among the masterpieces of instrumental music. The *Allegro* was taken too slow, and the *Andante* too fast; but beyond this we have not one objection to offer. The *clair' obscur* of orchestral performance seems now to be confined exclusively to the Crystal Palace, where, not long since, under Herr Manns, these delicious fragments of Schubert were first introduced to an English public. At the same time we have not lately heard so near an approach to it at the Philharmonic Concerts, which, when *clair' obscur* was not dreamt of, were regarded in England as the *ne plus ultra*. For this we have to thank Mr. Cusins. There were two concertos at the fifth concert. The first, the driest if not the least ingenious, of all concertos—that in D for violoncello, composed by Herr Molique expressly for Signor Piatti—was played by Herr

Gürtzmacher (violoncellist to the "King" of Saxony) in such a manner as could have left no doubt in the minds of his hearers that Signor Piatti was the greatest violoncellist in the world. Herr Gürtzmacher is clever, beyond a question; but he is not a Piatti—far from it. The other concerto was the very familiar No. 1 (in G minor) of Mendelssohn, which has seldom been dashed off with easier assurance, and as seldom with less absolute refinement, than by Herr Alfred Jaell, one of those pianists from abroad of whom it would not be very difficult to find a more or less favorable specimen in almost any considerable German town as far as the uttermost frontier of "Vaterland" may now be presumed to extend. Herr Jaell played the first movement best. The *Andante* was heavy in touch and exaggerated in expression. The *Finale* was begun with great fire and brilliancy, but towards the end became so much too quick that Abbé Liszt himself would have failed to make the passages distinct; and Abbé Liszt's fingers are even more limous than the fingers of Herr Jaell. The vocal music was contributed by Mlle. Sinico, Mme. Demeric-Lablache, and Mr. Tom Hohler. Mme. Lablache sang "Vedrai carino" a minor third too low. The effect of such a transposition, from bright to sombre, may be imagined. Mr. Hohler gave "La mia Letizia" (I Lombardi) in the lachrymose manner to which he has accustomed us at Her Majesty's Theatre; and Mlle. Sinico received a well-merited encore for her animated and charming delivery of the "polacca" in the second act of *Der Freischütz*. About the lengthy duet from *La Gazza Ladra*, it is charitable, at least, to say nothing.

The concert terminated with a very fine performance of Cherubini's brilliant overture to *Anacreon*—a prodigy in its day, and a pleasant thing to listen to even now.

#### *Times* says:—

Mr. W. G. Cusins, the new conductor, shows progress at each successive performance, and may fairly be said to have established his position.

At the sixth concert (on Monday next), besides Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, Beethoven's No. 8 (in F), and the overture to *Oberon*, the programme contains a new MS. overture called *Marmion*, composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, and Mr. Benedict's new pianoforte concerto in E flat, to be played by Mme. Arabella Goddard. The singers are Mlle. Ubrich, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, and Signor Gardoni.

MR. CHARLES HALLE has resumed his Pianoforte Recitals at St. James's Hall, in London. This time Beethoven does not exclusively absorb the programmes, though at every Recital, as a matter of course, the name of the greatest of all composers for the piano, as for the orchestra and string quartet, will appear at least once or twice. A most interesting feature in the plan of the series just commenced is the introduction of one of Schubert's solo Sonatas at each Recital. As Schumann wrote ten grand Sonatas, besides the so-called "Fantaisie Sonata," op. 78, which is finer, perhaps, than any of them, it may be presumed that Mr. Hallé intends to introduce on certain occasions two, instead of only one of these original and captivating works. Another distinguishing and attractive trait is that at each Recital there will be given one of the Sonatas for pianoforte and violoncello of Beethoven, or one of those by Mendelssohn. But, as Beethoven composed only five such Sonatas, and Mendelssohn only two, we may presume that at the eighth Recital Mr. Hallé will favor his hearers with the air and variations in D of Mendelssohn, or at any rate with one of the three airs with variations, for the same combination of instruments, which Beethoven has left. Either will be good. No surer proof of Mr. Hallé's intention to render the execution of these duet Sonatas as perfect as possible could be adduced than the fact of his having engaged as his co-operator, during the eight Recitals, the incomparable violoncellist, Signor Piatti. The programme of the first Recital was extremely attractive. There was a Sonata of Beethoven, No. 3, op. 10 (in D), which Mr. Hallé has frequently played at the Monday Popular Concerts. This was followed by three numbers from John Sebastian Bach's renowned "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues," in all the keys, major and minor—known to Germany as "Das wohltemperierte Clavier (The well-tempered Clavier), and in its way the most precious gift bequeathed to the art of music. The specimen of Schubert was the Sonata in A minor, one of those which Robert Schumann pronounced "glorious," published as No. 1, though by no means "No. 1" in order of composition, seeing that it was written in 1825, three years before Schubert died (in his 32d year!). This Sonata is original and beautiful from the opening to the termination; but, if one movement could be singled out from the rest as indubitably Schubert's own,

it is the second—a lovely air with variations, which, though no one variation resembles another, are each as lovely as the air itself. The violoncello Sonata of Beethoven, included in this programme, was naturally the first of the five—No. 1, op. 5 (in F), composed in 1797, when Beethoven was 27 years old, for the celebrated French violoncellist, Duport, and dedicated to King Frederick William II., grandfather of the present King of Prussia. The last piece in the programme was a Polonaise in E flat, by Herr Stephen Heller, a composer about whom Schumann prognosticated favorably some thirty years ago. There were no songs at this Recital. At his second Mr. Hallé gave, among other things, another Sonata by Schubert (in D, from the same set); the delicious Sonata in F major, of Mozart (No. 3, beginning in three-four time, and consisting of three movements); and the second of Beethoven's violoncello Sonatas—op. 3, in G minor.—*Times*.

THE OPERA. This season has hitherto been as bare of novelty as the patronage given to musical entertainments generally has been deficient in pecuniary results. A severe depression influences the world of entertainment; everything is as flat as it well can be. The scarceness of money resulting from the financial calamities of last year is doubtless the reason of this; but be the cause what it may, the complaint of managers at the badness of the times is general. At neither opera house have we novelty to chronicle: the production of "*Don Carlos*" is expected next week at Covent Garden, and some amount of interest derivable from the new work may possibly increase the attendance, which has hitherto been poor. This week we have had the return of Mlle. Patti, after an indisposition of a week. She reappeared in the "*Barbiere*," and sang with her usual brilliancy, which has lost nothing from her late illness. Nothing important has occurred: "*Faust*," "*Norma*," and "*Fra Diavolo*," continuing the stock pieces. On Thursday, an extra night, "*Don Giovanni*" was given with the following cast:—*Donna Anna*, Mlle. Fricci; *Donna Elvira*, Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington; *Zerlina*, Mlle. Adelina Patti; *Don Giovanni*, Signor Cognetti; *Leporello*, Signor Ciampi; and *Don Ottavio*, Signor Mario. At Her Majesty's Theatre "*Il Trovatore*" has been performed, and on Saturday "*Oberon*" is to be done; *Sir Huon*, Signor Mongini; *Oberon*, Signor Gardoni; *Scherasmin*, Mr. Santley; *Babekan*, Signor Gassier; *L'Emiro*, Signor Bossi; *Fatima*, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini; *Puck*, Mme. Demeric-Lablache; *Mermaid*, Mlle. Baumeister; and *Rezia*, Mlle. Titien.—*Orch. June 1.*

#### Paris

The Commission for organizing the Historical Concerts at the Universal Exposition, have judged it useful to initiate the public into the history of musical art, from the thirteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, in the various departments of religious music, opera, symphony, chamber music, and that of the dance. With this view they have decreed at the outset, that the pieces destined to figure in the programmes of the historical concerts shall be principally chosen from the works of the following authors:

15th Century. Josquin Després.  
16th Century. Nielas Gombert.—Clemens, non papa.—Jennequin.—Roland de Lassus (Orlando Lasso).—Palestrina.

17th Century. Cavalli.—Monteverde.—Carissimi.—Legrenzi.—A. Scarlatti.—Lulli.—Lalande.

18th Century. Keiser.—Campra.—Marcello.—Rameau.—Handel.—J. S. Bach.—Vinci.—Leo.—Galuppi.—Pergolese.—Gluck.—Philidor.—Piccini.—Monsigny.—Haydn.—Sacchini.—Boccherini.—Pai-siello.—Grétry.—Cimarosa.—Viotti.—Dalayrac.—Mozart.—Méhul.

These concerts are to begin in June, and will comprise twelve sessions. Six of them will be devoted, under the form of concerts, to the hearing of the most important works in all kinds. These concerts will embrace the musical periods, century by century, from the end of the 15th to the 19th exclusive. Six others will be given to the most genuine works of religious music, of the liturgical drama, the opera, popular music, chamber and dance music, and may, if necessary, take the form of musical and literary conferences. These pieces will go back to the 13th and come down to the present century, as follows:

*Vocal Section.* Chants for two and three voices; Christmas Chants, Chorals, *Lieder*, French and Spanish songs; melodies with or without accompaniment of lutes, violas, &c.; religious and dramatic music.

*Instrumental Section.* Dance Music: Pavanes, Sarabandes, Gigue, Gavottes, Minuets.—Chamber Music: Pieces for the clavichord, Duos, Trios, Quartets, and all the compositions commonly classed under this category.

The Committee consists of MM. Fétié, President; Delsarte, V. President; Félix Clément, Gevært, Reyer, Vervoitte, Wickerlin and Léon Gastinel, Secrétaire.

Meanwhile the great Exposition rings, and Paris and all Europe rings, and all America, with the Pianoforte rivalry, in which our American exhibitors, the Chickering and the Steinways, appear to be ahead; but which ahead of which it doth not yet appear, so point-blank contradictory are the newspaper reports; nor will it probably appear before the first of July, when we hope to announce our Boston manufacturers the winners. At all events the Chickering pianos have won fame and admiration there such as is worth many golden medals. Of course the music played there on these noble instruments is seldom of the noblest kind; the atmosphere of an Exhibition, with its competitive crowd, is about as favorable to true Art as a race course or a ring. It is the flash pianists who do the execution upon such occasions,—human extensions of the instrument, they might be called,—and not (for the most part) artists, in the high, human sense, who have music in their souls and want an instrument to express it. The great end here is, not to make music, but to display the instrument and make it famous; which is done quite as much by blowing as by playing with the fingers.

The first of the Conservatoire Concerts, specially arranged on the occasion of the Exposition, took place on the 2nd June, and consisted of: Beethoven's 7th Symphony; Chorus from "Castor et Pollux," by Rameau; portions of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; a Motet by Bach for double chorus, unaccompanied; and Weber's Oberon overture.

A bust of Liszt, modelled recently in Rome by our esteemed Boston sculptor, Thomas Ball, and placed in the midst of the Chickering pianos at the Exhibition, was uncovered there with musical ceremonies, in the presence of an admiring crowd.

**FANNY TACCHINARDI PERSIANI.** This great singer is dead, one of the last of the vocalists; not to be compared with the Garcia sisters in point of fire and fervor, neither with Sontag and Cinti-Damoreau in charm. She was plain as a woman, insignificant as an actress, yet one of those who vindicate and recommend their art in spite of Nature. Her age is given in the *Gazette Musicale* as forty-nine. She might have been fancied older, but she can never have looked young. Her voice (to condense a character offered in a recent book on opera-matters) was an acute soprano mounting to E flat *altissimo*, acrid and piercing rather than sweet, penetrating rather than full, and always liable to rise in pitch; one, too, which never willingly blended with other voices. Her father, Tacchinardi the tenor, knew every secret of his art, and the most, if not the all, that he knew, he imparted to his daughter. Her voice was developed to its utmost capacities. Every fibre of her frame seemed to have a part in her singing. There was nothing left out, nothing kept back. She was never careless, never unfinished, always sedulous, sometimes to the edge of strain, occasionally in the employment of her vast and varied resources rising to an animation which amounted to that display of conscious power which is resistless. The perfection with which she wrought up certain songs, such as the "Sonnambula" *finale*, or the mad scene in "Lucia," has been very rarely approached. She had the finest possible sense of accent. She had taste, extraordinary variety and facility in ornament, and always managed to throw some expression into her embroideries and flourishes. Her first appearance, if the notice of M. Fétié be correct, was at Leghorn

in 1832. She crossed the Alps and appeared in Paris in 1837, and in 1838 came to London as the other *prima donna* to Mme. Grisi. For many years she alternated duty with that lady, till compelled to leave the stage by loss of voice.—*Athenaeum, May 11.*

All the historical violins seem coming into the market. On Tuesday, Messrs. Puttick & Simpson had to dispose of, among other noticeable instruments, the Amati, given by King George the Fourth to M. François Cramer,—Mr. Godin's Guarnerius violin, christened by Paganini "the Giant,"—another Guarnerius, which belonged successively to Tartini, Paganini and Dragonetti (no mean pedigree this!);—another Guarnerius, described as Mori's favorite instrument,—a fine old tenor (known as the Digby tenor). Is it wise on the part of those desirous of getting their real value for these costly instruments, to allow so many of them to come into the market at the same moment?

**DRESDEN.**—Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* has been revived with great success. The Committee of the Tonkünstlerverein has published its report of the doings of the Society from April, 1866, to Easter, 1867. The report is highly gratifying. At the four public performances, no less than nine very important works were performed by the members for the first time: "Sonata for Piano and Violin" (Op. 35), Kiel; a "Concerto Gross," Handel; a Symphony, Wilhelm Friedrich Bach: "Suite in Canon form," J. Otto Grimm; "Ciaccone for Violin and Piano-forte," Vitali (arranged by Herr David); Sonata, Rust (1795); Concerto for two Violins, Handel; Quintet, Hoffmann; and Suite for Violoncello Solo, Bach. Besides the above four performances there were seventeen meetings for practice. The total number of works performed were 61, 33 being performed for the first time. Including 15 honorary and 9 foreign members, the Society numbers 164 ordinary, and 76 extraordinary members.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 22, 1867.

### "Individual Speculation."—The New York Festival.

Music to-day, in every country more or less, especially in ours, is in constant danger of falling into the hands of the Philistines. Trade is the reigning interest of this century, the real master behind all governments and all religions; and Money, Fortune, is its God. Art was hitherto held sacred; in Art one could be disinterested, could work from pure and generous motives; the artist at least is a freeman, we supposed. But no; the shrewd eye of the tradesman, seeing that Art, that Music has attractions for the crowd, that money can be made by it, forthwith presents himself, unmusical, unartistlike, all worldly as he is, and undertakes to "run" this fine "machine" as he would any other, upon speculation, for his own ends, not for ends of Art. If he can seduce artists to sing or play chiefly such things, in such ways, amid such surroundings, as shall pay him best, of course he will do it, and it lies in his policy to pay them so well that their artist conscience shall soon learn to wink at what would once have shocked them.

Art has its business side, like everything else. The artist often needs his man of business, as he may need a housekeeper, a steward or a coachman. Public musical performances, concerts, oratorios, festivals, require business management, financial economy, much running about, and outside preparation. But it is a question of vital consequence to the very existence and idea of Art, whether the artist or the business man be principal; whether Art employ business, or business employ Art. The end, the passion of all Art is Beauty, the Ideal, the Divine in form or

language, the end of Art performances is to present the Ideal to the world, to inspire the love of it in the hearts of the people, to lift men out of their fatal commonplace and teach them the perennial joys of the Imagination. The end of the impresario and the professional concert manager and speculator is no such thing. He is glad to borrow whatever halo of the ideal and the sacred there may be, in the vague popular regard, about art and artists; of course he counts this into his capital; but the end for which he would use them is anything but sacred or ideal; little recks he what sort of music he gets up, whether he give negro minstrelsy or Jenny Lind, whether the opera be by Balfe or Mozart, provided it will bring most money into the house; and the nearer he can tempt the Diva towards the minstrel level in her programmes, thus trading at once upon two opposite elements, the low taste of the many and the ideal halo which surrounds a great artistic name, with the more glee does he rub his hands and chuckle. No doubt artists sometimes fail of due recognition or success, in their unworldliness, trusting solely to their own merits and good programmes; and when the bland, seductive "agent" comes along and tells them what a great mistake they make, that Art for Art's sake "never pays," they lend a willing ear and commit their cause entirely to his management, finding that this means "success," and that by reconciling their consciences to all his arts of trumpeting, inflated advertising, procured puffs, his cunning ways of getting up an excitement wholly out of proportion to the occasion, they actually make money. To a certain extent this may be well, and they may owe him a fair debt of gratitude. But here comes in the danger. The manager, or impresario, is commonly a person who makes success, outward success, the all in all; the artist soon finds that the manager, the speculator, and not himself, is virtually the maker of the programmes; that only so much of his art is called for as will help to keep up this "success"; and that the easiest way to do it is to repeat hackneyed things, lower his taste and striving to the popular demand, study mere "effect," for which trickery is often more available than true art, and how to entrap applause at any rate by any sort of claptrap.

We must confess we deprecate this tendency to let the control of musical matters pass more and more into the hands of speculating managers. These carry too much stir and bustle with them for the calm and true enjoyment of music. They raise too much wind; the *sprit* of Art is of too modest and sincere a character to bear the excitement of their always "grand" occasions. Art loves quiet occasions, wholesome, temperate excitements, and hates false display. But business, using art and artists for its ends, will hear of nothing quiet, nothing not on an outwardly grand scale and dazzling to the crowd; it trades upon factitious enthusiasms, fevers. It matters not how many great names are strung together in an announcement; how many famous artists, even worthy of their fame, are put into a concert; if the *sprit* in which it is given be not an artistic one, it will be a bad concert. Good artists there may be and good pieces by good masters; but the cloven foot of the unbelieving business Mephisto will peep out somewhere, and betray the unreality of the whole affair; perhaps a piece of irrelevant virtuosity worked in here; or

some stale sentiment sandwiched between two good things there, so as to spoil the savor of them both; perhaps merely the false way in which things good in themselves, that is, good in their places, are put together, a forced jumble showing no singleness of purpose, but a desire to be all things to all men; perhaps a pervading egotism, the interpreter claiming more notice than the author; perhaps more affectation than sincerity in the homage paid to noble authors in the selection; and then the traps set for *encores*, to be used, when caught, as advertisements!

All these things, too often present as exceptions in concerts planned for Art's sake mainly, are always present, are the rule, in what we may call managers', or business, concerts. The sincerity of Art is sacrificed; the tone of an artist is sooner or later lowered, his artistic principle tacitly foreworn, his faith in the Ideal daunted, or benumbed into indifference; the very fibre of his nature, once so fine, grows coarser, after he has joined one of these concert-giving caravanseries, which travel up and down the land, "doing a splendid business," led by the wand of some great managerial magician. They help their artists ("their artists!") to get rich; they draw crowds of people into concert rooms who otherwise would never stir for music—such is their plea; and there is some truth in it. But do they try on the whole to raise the taste for music? do they encourage, strengthen the purer aspirations of the artist? Do quiet, pure artistic enterprises, concerts given with disinterested aim by institutions, or by uncompromising artists, flourish better in the fields where they have been and—not sown, but reaped? To the artists, under these auspices, their very successes are demoralizing: (noble exceptions only prove the rule) how must it be then with the easily seduced and ignorant public? Your Barnum, Ullmann, Bateman, makes of music a fashion and a fever for the moment, and would fain, like Joshua, have the sun stand still, that he may longer reap the golden harvest; the next who follows in his footsteps finds it harder work, and must resort to means and proclamations still more extraordinary; and so through this succession of brave speculators, each out-vying the last, music, in its public manifestations, gets to be nothing if not extraordinary, like rope-dancing and jugglery. Call you that a proper school of Art? Is that the way a nation is to get its musical education?

Nor is the inroad of the speculator limited to musical performances; he takes hold also of the work of musical education, perceiving that so many have a wish to learn, and to learn easily and cheaply. And forthwith he proceeds to organize and engineer it on a "big scale," after the tendency of trade; great music schools are started; more "Conservatories" (so-called) have sprung up in New York and Boston within a year or two, than have grown to consequence in Europe in as many centuries; nothing quiet, modest, small will answer; we must do a big business; and, as in business every big dealer cannot be content with moderate prosperity, but must still strive to swallow up all rivals, so in the matter of music schools we see the same *entrepreneurs* establishing their branches and their name in many cities far apart, as if greedy to monopolize this sort of jobbing for the whole vast country. We do not wish to prejudge ex-

periments or motives; we wait to see what time will bring forth. The fruits will be of mixed character; they cannot be all evil; but we cannot help mistrusting educational movements in which the business element is so particularly prominent. At least it becomes one to be cautious, and before praising, wait till he can satisfy himself whether it is education as the end employing business as a means, or whether it is business for its own private ends exploiting education.

But we have been drawn further into this dissension than we intended; and it would take several papers to treat it upon all sides fairly, and make all the qualifications and exceptions, and those disavowals of personal imputations, which we hope will be understood. Having, in our last, used the phrase "individual speculation" in brief allusion to Mr. Harrison's Great Musical Festival of the first week of this month in New York, we felt bound to explain our meaning, and to give reasons why, without (of course) impugning the character or motives, or questioning the musical enthusiasm of a gentleman whom we never knew, we were led to mistrust the pompous announcements of the said Festival, partly because they were pompous; partly because the style in which the press (musical and daily) proclaimed the thing as the *first* attempt at a real Festival in America, pleasing to ignore the fact that two have been held in Boston, of greater magnitude and with something nearer to artistic purity of programme; and still more because it was, at any rate purported to be, purely the enterprise and in the interest of an individual concert manager or impresario; so that the fair inference was, that the whole thing was undertaken primarily in the interests of business, and only incidentally in the interests of Art. We have since learned, that while Mr. Harrison generously risked his capital, the idea itself, the artistic conception had sprang up before that in the brain and heart of Mr. Ritter, the accomplished, earnest musician who conducted all the Oratorios, in his capacity as conductor of the Harmonic Society, and who contributed a couple of large compositions of his own to the occasion. It was doubtless generous in the man of means and business experience to help the man of ideas to realize them; but none the less do we consider the example dangerous,—the more so in proportion to its (outward) success. If great Festivals of Art, whole weeks of Oratorio and Symphony, are to pass into the hands of speculators, and to be exploited, traded upon for private purposes, like other concerts, operas and shows, who shall undertake to reconcile the conflicting claims of Art and business? If these things are to be managed by men who only seek success, and who are as glad to get it in the mere name of Art, as by the fact of Art, what guaranty will there be of high, sincere artistic character in programme or performance?

As to the New York Festival, all accounts agree that it was a great financial success; Steinway Hall was crowded night and morning for a week. As to the artistic success reports differ greatly. Certain it is that careful and repeated counting of the chorus, in *Elijah*, made out not over 170 voices, and in the orchestra but 50 instruments (In the Boston Festival of 1864 the chorus numbered 500, sometimes more, and the orchestra exceeded 100). There was but one concert with grand Symphony (the *Eroica*); here we had three; while the several miscellaneous concerts or matinées were of too meagre and commonplace an order to distinguish them from ordinary Bateman, Gilmore or McGlenen concerts. Many speak in high praise of the conducting of Mr. Ritter, and one critic loudly asserts (claiming the credit of adviser, teacher, for himself!) that for the first time the *tempo* of the *Messiah* were rightly taken; while others found the times so absurdly slow that the great choruses seemed scarcely to acquire momentum. But as we did not hear, it is not for us to judge. We have no doubt there was a great deal of sincere enjoyment of great music, and that Mr. Ritter and Mr. Harrison, and the artists (Mme. Rosa, Mme. Ritter,

&c.) who assisted them with zeal, have done a real service in inspiring New York audiences with a respect and love for noble oratorios which they hardly knew before.

We should be glad to get trustworthy and more intelligible estimates of Mr. Ritter's compositions. The press, as usual, is non-committal. He is an artistic character, a man laboring for Art in earnest. Whether he have creative genius we need not be in haste to judge. His efforts are entitled to respect. From several good private sources we have heard his Overture, "Othello," pronounced original and strong; while his "Forty-sixth Psalm" seems to have called forth more timid compliments. It is called "scholastic," "musician-like," "according to rule," a "very creditable effort," and all that. We fain would, but we dare not, print a letter from an admirer which we have received about these two works, because after much plausible, intelligent praise, the writer even seems to put the Ritter Psalm upon a level with the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn, which followed it. We will quote what he says, however, of the "Othello" overture:

"It is a worthy composition, well conceived, and carefully and artistically wrought out. There are fine dramatic points in it and an orchestration modern and very effective. The introduction is interesting. Almost recitative-like it begins, engrossing your attention from the first, until it brings in the two leading motives. They are in fine contrast. While the first is a nucleus, mighty and strong, the second is an exposition, exceedingly lovely and tender. These are interwoven, growing in the working of that vehement passion, higher and higher, and more and more intense, until that fearful climax is reached, the deed is done. Nothing is left—a close, sombre, deep and hallow (?) brings the work to its end."

"True to its prototype, the whole work grows naturally, develops itself in logical consistency, in unity and with vigor."

On the whole, we are inclined to put more faith in a correspondent who wishes we had heard the 'Othello' overture, calls it a noble work and is proud of it, but thinks the Psalm, "although solid, pleasing and effective, less original, and more like a work of Brahms, or Raff, or others of that ilk."

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JUNE 13.—During the past season the *Messiah* has been brought out once, and the *Creation* twice by a large and very effective chorus and an orchestra of twenty-five performers, which in the two performances of the *Creation* was increased by reinforcements from your city to the number of thirty-eight. The choruses were rendered in a manner creditable to the singers and their Conductor, and showed unmistakably that although our city has hitherto been behind her neighbors in musical culture, she is by no means destitute of native talent, which if properly directed and developed will soon give her an equal position among her sisters as a fosterer of the Art.

The solos were well sustained by Misses Houston and Ryan, and Messrs. Hazelwood, Guilmette and Whitney. These Oratorios have been given under the direction of Mr. Eben Tourjée, Director of the Providence Conservatory of Music, which gentleman has also given us a series of classical Chamber concerts, in which the favorite Mendelssohn Quintette Club have borne a very important part, assisted by Messrs. Lang, Perabo, Petersilea and Goldbeck as Pianists; and Misses Smith, Barton, Ryan, and Mr. Hazelwood as vocalists. Among the many good things given at these concerts were the Quartet in A, No. 6, op. 18; the Quintet in C, op. 29, and the Sonata in F sharp major, op. 78, by Beethoven; the Quintet for piano and strings in E flat, op. 44; and the Quartet in A, No. 3, op. 41, by R. Schumann; the Quintet in G minor, by Mozart; Piano Trio in D minor, op. 47, by Mendelssohn, and the Grand Septet in D minor by Hummel.

There is matter for reflection in the following article, which we take from the London *Orchestra* of June 1.

### £800 For a Song.

During this and the past week the baton of the auctioneer has been monotoning, in irregular beats, the money value of Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine's stock in trade. The ninety thousand plates have been put up for competition and knocked down—one half thereof at the value of the metal, the other at sums varying from 1s. 6d. to £76 per plate. The superb edition of Dr. Arnold's cathedral music was disposed of for one penny per plate over its price in the scales of the pewterer; the beautiful edition of Haydn's "Creation" arranged by Bishop at the same tariff; whilst Alexander Lee's song, "He wipes the tear," produced the sum of £348; and Crouch's "Kathleen Mavourneen," the larger amount of £532. Indeed, this song, with its arrangements, realized more than £800. Bishop's ballad, "My pretty Jane," or "The bloom is on the rye," ran up to £262, and the "Dermot astore," by the late Mr. Crouch, proved to be worth £168.

The great house in Soho-square, during its eighty years' reign, must have produced many thousands of songs and ballads, and if only one in five hundred be the average of a great success, this house most assuredly has had more than ordinary luck. It did not rely on advertisement, and certainly not on royalties to singers—for the vocalists of the past days were but too glad to appear with the favorites of the Soho-square catalogue. Some of the popular melodies had the advantage of being heard from the boards of Covent Garden and Old Drury; but the most valued, by Sir Henry Bishop, "My pretty Jane," is a Vauxhall ditty, and one but little prized by its composer, and at first heard with the utmost indifference. Lee's ballad, "He wipes the tear," has never been a public singer's song, and has had no introduction beyond the energy of the traveller and the ordinary outlets of trade. It is a religious song—a style of song held until recently by publishers in great contempt; so much so that a great house, when offered the "Chemin du Paradis," by Blumenthal, rejected it, giving, as a reason, that there was something about "heaven" in the poetry, a place in that particular emporium but little thought of, as there was no business to be carried on there.

To read the reviews of the new songs of the season in these days, one must imagine there is no such thing as a failure, and that every composer is a Schubert or Bishop. It is not one song in five hundred that is to succeed; but almost every song is recorded as a tolerably sized nugget. The popular song of the past generation is an illustration of the great power of inferiority—good sense exercised on art in a low estate, as a normal condition befitting the public taste. There has been no zeal, and but little, if any, invention. Poet and composer have both sympathized with the thousands that surround them, and have gone in for a little bit of every-day life. There has been a demonstration of a generous mediocrity—nothing unusual above, nothing absurd below. Enough has been done to excite expectation, nothing to excite surprise. The poet has proved himself amiable and well-behaved; the composer, natural and rational. There was no attempt to offer "the husks that the swine did eat," or "apple pie made all of quinces." Mr. Fitzball was not fettered in trying to excell Tom Moore, nor was Henry Bishop paralyzed by the thought of surpassing a Weber or Mozart. These skilled workmen well knew that a little practical cement was worth all the vital passion of the country. Common sense in ordinary coin was a certain currency; more weighty bullion, however more really valuable, was only fit for bank deposit. Most people are fond of music, but most people are neither remarkable nor distinguished for their knowledge or appreciation of it. The gift is common, but there is no noise made about it. Moderate power, and models within reach suit the general mind, and a form of fecklessness amalgamates with notions of feebleness. The greatest composers are not the most wise of men; they are always looking up to mountains, or upon deserts, or into caverns, for kindred spirits to recognize their inspirations. The successful ballad composer is content to look into himself, and a little experience of the "know thyself" leads him to the conclusion that he is very much like most other people, and so he composes something like himself, and which most other people find they can like. He acts with the many as one of the many, and takes no thought of doing more or doing better than others of his craft. He may be harmlessly somnolent, but he was not aware of it; he may put forth much strength, but not as obedience or obligation, for it simply came in its turn, and cost him no labor. He is surprised to find there is an everlasting murmur about his song—a deep consent of its suita-

bility to the wants of the public—and he accepts his position like a sensible man and a man of taste, thankful that he is not a bold innovator, a man of genius, or a learned composer. Gluck said, "what people call 'making songs,' generally costs me a year's preparation and a severe illness;" but Gluck thought his brother composers barbarous and ignorant, and the public corrupted and capricious. He put himself into a fever in his endeavor to restore the rights of the divine science (which, by the way, is now said to be no science at all), and was only made convalescent by the short dresses of his ballet, and the gorgeous splendor of his *mise-en-scène*. The composer of "He wipes the tear" was not so enterprising, the composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen" not so ambitious or so ingenious. They had nothing to combat, nothing to mend; they appealed to the publishers, pleased the public, smiled upon the heroes of the great school who looked down upon them and disowned them, whilst they acknowledged the truth of the adage—

"Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia."

There is no royal road to learning, but it appears Messrs. Goulding and D'Almaine had discovered something of the way in regard to playing the piano, and the supposed novelty produced no less a sum than £502. Altogether based upon the Tutor of J. B. Cramer, and not suggesting any new or shorter cut to power over the instrument, the Soho Royal Road is much the same as the old road, and may be therefore worth the purchase money.

There was no competition for the cathedral music, and the course of Novello cancels it off at the tariff of the melting pot. The edition of Arnold is a fellow companion to that of Boyce, published by the house of Robert Cocks. The beautiful volumes of Arnold costing upwards of £1,000, realized about £92, for it appeared no one would buy them. The work was utterly unsaleable, and that of Boyce does not yield the interest of its dormant metal. As the sale of church music has most wonderfully increased since the issue of those splendid editions of Boyce and Arnold, those books are either too high in price for church choirs or their contents are not such as are now agreeable to church congregations. Doubtless there are anthems in the cathedral which the general parochial mind will never care much about, and there are those which at present most parish choirs cannot successfully attack. But the entire repertoire of the Cathedral must eventually abide the judgment of the popular mind, and the parochial congregation will settle the permanence of any Cathedral anthem. The half of Boyce is of no real mercantile value, and certainly not more than a third of Arnold. We should much deplore the disappearance of such a noble reprint as that of the Arnold. Cathedral music at a penny a page, and Crouch at seven-sixty pounds per page, is no encouragement to Messrs. Cocks and Messrs. Novello, and truly a weighty discouragement to composers of anthems. There is something rotten in this department of musical literature and we shall be delighted to find a musician ready to undertake a revolution. A good solo anthem of five plates ought to be as valuable mercantile property as the six hundred pound ballad of Mr. Crouch. Mendelssohn's cavatina, "O rest in the Lord" would overtop the ballad, and from this beautiful composition our composers may take both example and encouragement. The old forms of the Cathedral solo will neither bring money nor credit, but the new form will bring both.

The same journal informs us :

FRL. LUCCA has concluded a brilliant engagement for America, a country which henceforth will lie as completely and naturally in the "round" of professional artists as have Prussia and England hitherto. The Americans have shown themselves warm supporters of musical talent; and the success of Mme. Prepa only affords the initiative of an example which will be generally followed. The professional tour must include New York as profitably as London and Berlin.

BRUSSELS. M. van der Straaten, of Brussels, is about to publish a book, entitled *Music in the Netherlands before the 19th Century*. It will contain many documents hitherto unknown, together with biographies and notices of all Netherland composers, virtuosos, theoreticians and instrument makers—of Netherland operas, motets, national songs, Academies, Guilds, books, portraits, and, in a word, all subjects in any way connected with music. M. van der Straaten has searched every accessible collection and library, and so arranged the various subjects, according to their respective dates, that they form a kind of chronological table. He has, also, collected a large amount of highly remarkable and trustworthy information regarding the rise and progress of French and Italian opera during the 17th and 18th centuries.

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Four songs of marked merit, by the musical Doctor.	
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Good for learners.	
Amazonian March. F. W. Peterschen. 30	
Very powerful and brilliant. Not difficult.	
Spinning Song, from Haydn's "Seasons." Pauer. 60	
Bring the spinning wheel plainly before the eyes and ears.	
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Has a curious and pleasing swinging motion.	

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